

# Good Morning 394

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Stuart Martin  
To-day  
tells of  
a Murderer's  
Oversight

## "Brain" was his Name—But Forgot

WHEN I first saw him he was reading a paper-backed novel. He looked up and grinned. He never dreamed that he would be hanged for murder. He had worked out the crime to the last item, so he thought, but, like most other killers, he forgot something. His name was George Brain, but there were better brains than his.

Let us start at the beginning when his victim was found.

It was a few minutes after midnight on July 14th, 1938, that John W. Love, a member of the Kingston Fire Brigade, was driving through Somerset Road, Wimbledon. His headlights picked out a dark object on the road, near the grass verge.

Love thought it was a tree trunk, but he pulled his car up quickly when he saw that it was really the body of a girl. He had one look, saw that her head was terribly injured, and he drove off for help.

He had not gone more than 200 yards when he met two police cars, the crews of which were investigating a case of housebreaking. The police crews returned with him to the spot, and Detective Inspector Henry was telephoned for. A wireless message took him in a car to the scene.

The body was that of a girl. She lay face upward on the road, as if she had been hit by a car or a van. There were severe multiple wounds on her body, and on the right instep were marks of a car tyre.

There was not a clue as to her identity, so her fingerprints were taken. Inquiries began at all coffee stalls, garages, and throughout the Metropolitan area detectives visited garages looking for a car or van that may have hit her. By dawn a squad of police officials were raking the commons and fields in the neighbourhood.

At first the police were misled because of the injuries. They thought she was a woman who was later found to be quite alive and well. It looked like a dead-end. The B.B.C. broadcast appeals, photographs of the girl were published, and, as usual, scores of people came forward to say they knew her. But in the end nobody knew her.

But at last, when hope was fading, the girl was identified. She was Rose Muriel Atkins, known to her associates as "Irish Rose" and "Pat." She had a room in Putney Bridge Road.

The point then was to trace her movements. By patient inquiry the police built up the case that the Irish Rose had left her flat about 3.30 p.m., had visited a club in Clapham, left there about 5 p.m., and went home. But at about 10 p.m. she had been seen at Parkside, Wimbledon.

Then a woman came forward to say that she had seen the Rose at 11.30 p.m. that night. And that time was, according to the medical belief, just a few minutes before she was killed. Now, this woman said that she had seen the Rose at the corner of Inner Park Road and Parkside, and she had walked towards her, but the Rose had just then spoken to the driver of a green van that drew up beside her.

The police began to hunt for the green van.

It was believed that the Rose had with her a sum of money in a special pocket in the fur she wore round her neck. There was no money in the fur when her body was discovered, but there was her little white hat.

The police had therefore four things to go on—the green van, the driver, the white hat, and the fur.

A special squad at Scotland Yard was appointed to clear up the mystery. They searched through the whole of England.

Meantime, brilliant work was being done in the finger-print department of the Yard.

Chief Inspector Fred Cherrill, one of the greatest finger-print authorities in the world, discovered, with a magnifying glass, the pattern of the motor-car tyre that had run the Rose down. It was a type of tyre used on small cars such as an Austin Seven or a Morris Minor.

The whole of the Home Counties were combed, as well as London and the Provinces. And then, at 11 a.m. on Saturday, July 16th, a telephone hummed in Scotland Yard, and the voice of a detective said that the green van had been found.

The van belonged to a firm of boot repairers near Tottenham Court Road, and the manager of the firm reported that the driver, George Brain, had embezzled about £32 of the firm's money. The van was a Morris Eight.

The van was examined. It had been washed, but bloodstains were seen on the floor. A more minute examination was made at Scotland Yard, where the van was taken, and bloodstains were found not only on the flooring, but on the doors as well. These were removed for expert examination.

Meanwhile, a detective went post-haste to Brain's home. But Brain was not there. He had told his mother that his van had broken down that night and that was why he was late getting home.

Up went the detectives to the garage again. In an anteroom next the garage they found the handbag of the Irish Rose. Empty of money.

Hidden on a ledge behind an iron girder they found a small knife, bloodstained.

But where was George Brain? For eleven days he defied every effort of the police to find him. From the discovery of the dead body to the time of his arrest more than 2,000 statements were taken from 2,000 people. Some people located George Brain where it was impossible for him to be hiding. The pressure on the Information Room at the Yard was so great that they expected George Brain to be everywhere at once.

The police searched, among other places, sewers, boat-houses, woods and quarries, everywhere up and down the Thames.

And it was a schoolboy who found him.

On July 25th, this boy, whose home was in Richmond, and who knew Brain by sight, was on holiday at Sheerness. Walking along the cliffs, the lad saw Brain some distance down the declivity. The boy told his father. The father told the police. The police searched the cliffs.

They got Brain fifty yards down, tucked in among some gorse bushes. He laughed as they secured him.

When he was taken to the police station he offered to make a statement. He swallowed hard before he made it, and the detective who had most to do with Brain told me that that was the only time Brain showed any emotion. For the rest he was cool—and laughing.

He said at first that the girl had approached him and had asked him for money. He had known her, having

met her some months previously. When she threatened to tell his firm about having the van out late when it should have been in the garage, he struck her. Then "everything went blank."

He said he had spent the firm's money on betting, and had lost, and that all he found in the Rose's handbag was four shillings.

Then he lifted the girl out and laid her by the road. Now, this sounded all right. But it wasn't the truth. The girl was already dead when he lifted her out. He was surprised when he was told how the police knew this.

It was the medical section of the police who found that out. They proved that not only had the girl been murdered in the van, but that this young ruffian had placed her on the road and THEN DELIBERATELY RUN OVER HER BODY TO MAKE IT APPEAR LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

And that was what Brain forgot—that medical knowledge can go so far in the reconstruction of a crime.

There seemed no doubt that he did not kill the girl because she asked money from him. There was every support for the belief that, knowing she often had money, he met her and intended to get it; that she resisted and he killed her inside the van. He wanted money badly to remedy his embezzlement. He got four shillings from her purse.

Well, there he sat in the police station, tanned by the sun, bearded, very fit, still in his twenties, smiling, laughing.

He joked with the officers who had charge of him. He wise-cracked. And always that laugh.

Even in the police car which brought him to the station he had his joke. He asked if the window could be raised. He explained, "I don't want a chill on the back of my neck—yet!" And he laughed.

I will say this for him, he was not afraid to die. At his trial his defence was pretty poor, and he broke a forty years' record of swiftness in getting a verdict against him.

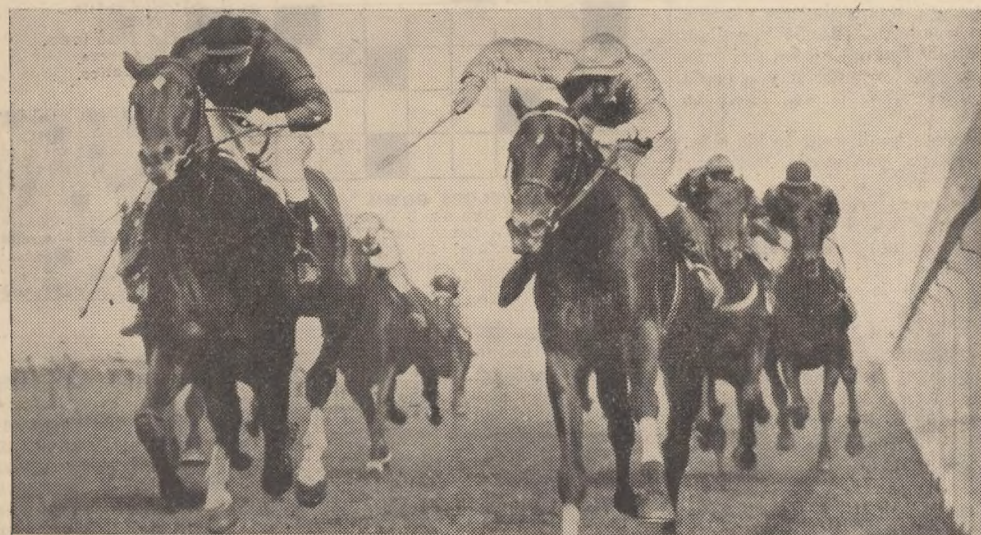
Charles Peace up till then held the record. Peace's jury took sixteen minutes to decide his fate. George Brain's jury took one minute less.

He smiled before his trial and after it. He was not simple-minded. Oh, no; he was just carefree, jaunty, callous. On the scaffold he even cracked a joke with his executioner.

The laughing murderer! The laughing fool!

Poor Irish Rose! Tragedy was beside her even before George Brain killed her that night. She would have been dead in less than a year anyhow. Neither she nor Brain, nor anybody, knew that she was the victim of an incurable disease. The doctors found this out at the post-mortem.

Thirty years of age, she was, frequenter of "lovers' lane"—and another lane that has no turning, but a swift descent at the end to oblivion.



## One Bet—and Made Million

OF all the racing thrills, give me the Cesarewitch. Thrills sustained—and unexpected. For this amazing Newmarket event, one of the longest races on the flat, needs stamina for its two-and-a-quarter miles.

Heavyweights usually fail to make the pace—as well as some of the more pampered pets of the bookies. That is why some of the greatest coups in Turf history have been landed in this handicap. Above the Derby, the Grand National—all other races—it has the lure of the unexpected.

There was that astounding affair, for instance, when Charley's Mount led the field yard after yard—and was first past the post at odds of 100 to 1, an out-and-out outsider. My old friend, Charles Hannam, had wagered £10,000, and actually found himself a millionaire. I went round to congratulate him. He was as cool as an ice-box!

WE had all attempted to dissuade him from what appeared to be a crazy project. But nothing could ever make him deviate an inch from his own opinion; the secret of Hannam's outstanding success as a backer lay in his iron resolution.

He had decided against 999 men out of 1,000 that the road to fortune lay in backing horses, not in laying them—and his career from a Yorkshire farm amply justified him.

Fate has had its way, however. I believe that Hannam lost money on every Cesarewitch subsequently.

Again, there was the victory of Fiz Yama, another outsider, at 50 to 1. What a race! Some of the best horses of the year formed a very large field, and backing was most undecided. Twenty yards from the winning-post four horses were still competing neck-and-neck. Fiz Yama won by a head.

### NEVER WON TWICE.

Only twice within my memory has the winner carried more than 9 st.—and rarely have the winning odds been less than 10 to 1.

The same horse has never won twice, although many attempts have been made to achieve the double, notably with Arctic Star, who scored in 1928 at odds of 9 to 1.

The following year, I remember, the fastest time of 3min. 41.2-secs. was set up by West Wicklow, who came home by a length.

Hardly had the cry "They're off!" risen to the sky than the horses had streaked round, and we had to wait another year—for the terrific tussle between Ut Majeur and Friendship, Gordon Richards versus Beary.

before we enjoyed a similar sensation.

The previous record, held by Myra Gray, yet another 50-to-1 dark horse, was defeated by the margin of four seconds.

With two 100-to-1 winners in the last ten years, and many thirds and seconds at 25 and 50 to 1, it will be seen that the Cesarewitch cannot by any stretch of imagination be said to have declined in interest in recent years.

### NOBBLING THE OUTSIDER.

There was that strange race when it was alleged that an attempt was made to noble Light Dragoon, an outsider. Usually only favourites are supposed to suffer in this way, and the mere rumour transformed a chance into a favourite.

The odds shortened as the story spread that the horse's hindquarters had been sprayed with a narcotic intended to have a soporific effect.

Light Dragoon had a body-guard against photographers and Pressmen as well as the racing fraternity, and became a veritable screen star among horses.

Then, somehow, disbelief in the nobbling rumour grew steadily. The odds lengthened again—back to 100 to 1. At that price Light Dragoon was first past the post—and I, for one, hurried to collect my profits.

One year a horse named Rose Prince arrived on the course rather late. Archibald was up; the weight was over 8st.—none too good for the Cesarewitch—and Rose Prince was probably not seriously fancied by either owner or trainer.

I stepped in where wiser

(From R. A. Kemp)

men would have feared to tread—and by this sheer freak of chance netted a very good packet of winnings indeed, for Rose Prince came home at 40 to 1. Another remarkable race!

### ARTFUL ARCHER.

In the very first Cesarewitch I ever witnessed a remarkably light horse was the winner. The jockey was equally light and equally upsetting to our immature calculations. Nobody knew anything about him, except that his surname was Archer.

The Cesarewitch, in brief, provided this great jockey with his first big winner. It was after this race that owners began to recognise his abilities, and Archer's list of winners piled up.

But why Cesarewitch? That question is practically inevitable, for few races in the world can be run under a stranger name.

Actually, the event dates back to 1839. The heir to the Russian throne paid a State visit to England in that year, and the name was derived from his title of Cesarewitch.

Two dead-heats were witnessed in those early days, and in the first, three horses were actually involved, Priores, American-bred, eventually winning.

Behind the second dead-heat lies an astonishing romance. A girl's hand was sought by two racing rivals, who thus became rivals in love as well. The girl found it difficult to choose between them. She said that she wished to marry one, but could not decide which.

Finally, she decided that the result of the Cesarewitch would decide for her. From the stables of one of the rivals Artless was entered for the race; from the other's came Gaspard.

Everybody on the course knew of the affair—the excitement, given this novel tinge, reached fever-pitch. Even when the horses had passed the post it could not be still. Artless and Gaspard had dead-heated.

In the end Artless secured the judge's verdict; but meanwhile the girl had eloped with the head of yet another stable....



# THEY TRY TO KILL

## PART 9

JERVIS and I decided to hunt through my uncle's possessions the day after the police inspector called on me.

While Jervis went on to go through a chest of drawers by the window I regarded my uncle's wardrobe. It was scanty, and I began to take the coats down and go through the pockets.

After a few moments I said: "Jervis, this is funny," and called his attention to a coat I held in my hand. It belonged to the suit my uncle had been wearing when I dined with him. I had noticed it at the time, a heavy dark tweed that looked old-fashioned and shabby. "He must have changed before he went out—and got killed," I added.

"That's a point," Jervis said, looking up from his task.

I went through the pockets automatically, tossed the coat on to the bed and picked up the waistcoat, and then I exclaimed: "What's this?"

For in the lining of the waistcoat my fingers felt paper. I moved instinctively to the window, twisting the garment as I went. On the inside was a skillfully contrived pocket, double buttoned and unpickable. As I fumbled at the buttons, Jervis at my shoulder murmured: "What a damned fool! I never thought to go through his pockets."

I withdrew a wad of papers from the pocket, and I heard Jervis exclaim, "My merry aunt," before I quite realised that most of them were Bank of England notes, fivers and tenners, just over two hundred pounds when we counted them later. But with them was an envelope. It was that which interested us more.

It was addressed in typescript, and bore the Norminster postmark. Norminster is the county town some twenty-odd miles away, and was postmarked on the previous Tuesday morning. Jervis grabbed the envelope from me and opened it. It contained a newspaper cutting and a sheet of paper on which a few lines were typed. We looked at the cutting first.

Clipped from some illustrated paper, was a photograph of a keen-eyed, square-jawed man, and beneath it the caption: "American Police Chief to investigate British Police Methods. Mr. Edward P. Connor, Chief of the Detective Department of the Detroit City Police, who has just arrived in England on a two months' tour. Chief Detective Connor has come to study the crime detection methods of Scot-

land Yard and the principal provincial police forces in the country."

We turned to the sheet of paper and read: "Like me to send Blue-eyed Eddie your address, so he could call on an old acquaintance, Professor? He'd just love to see you."

Jervis spoke first. "Echo of the old boy's unfortunate past with a strong stink of blackmail about it," he said.

"If I were doing a bit of Sherlock Holmes deduction," he went on, "I'd say this letter arrived by the evening delivery just before you did. The old boy shoved it away in his pocket, meaning to do whatever he did with such things later, but never got a chance. I'd say it implied that the American police were interested in someone known as 'Professor' and that person was your uncle, and that Edward P. Connor of Detroit was particularly interested and the writer of this laconic note knew it. And I'd guess that Yates is the writer, and—"

He broke off suddenly, and went back to the chest of drawers. I knew he was working something out, and I said nothing.

Presently he called over his shoulder: "I wonder if these American detective chaps are as clever as the thrillers make 'em out to be."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I'm going to see Edward P. Connor and tell him the tale—and hope he'll believe it."

In this way I came unwittingly on an inn—"Ye Olde Shippe Inne."

I found a spot for my car a little way up the lane and went in search of tea. I liked the place less inside. Obviously Captain Palmer's taste ran to spurious antiquity. I sought "Ye Dining Saloon," and found it a long room decorated in somebody's nightmare idea of an old ship's cabin.

It amused me, and I sat trying to think out new absurdities as I watched the customers. They looked a well-to-do crowd, many of them apparently regular patrons of the inn, for they seemed to be known to the nautical waitress, and presently I picked out Captain Palmer, whom Jervis had mentioned.

Presently Palmer left his party and began to wander about the room, going from table to table evidently to enquire if his customers were satisfied. When he came to me, I answered his question before he put it.

"Excellent," I said. "It's surprising to find a place like this in the depths of the country."

## Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

He looked pleased.

"We try to do our best," he said. "I'm glad you have been satisfied, sir; I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again."

He moved off with a pleasant smile, but he left me puzzled. Because there was something about him that was familiar, something that called to a closed cell of memory, and I wondered if I had met him aboard ship somewhere. I couldn't place his face. Dark, rather fleshy, and with very white teeth there was a suggestion of the foreigner about him, yet he spoke in an educated English voice.

Somebody motioned to him from the door, and he made a quick apology to the people at the next table to mine and hurried away. And then in a flash it came to me. He walked with a limp; I had placed his voice at last; that cell of memory had opened. This man, Captain Palmer, I could swear, was the messenger Yates had sent to Palmerston Gardens to collect his ring.

MY reactions to this discovery were chaotic. A first sense of astonishment changed to one of immense elation.

But how was I going to prove that he was my man? Suddenly I remembered Pollard. Pollard had taken a receipt from the messenger for Yates' ring. If

Pollard had kept that receipt and I could get a specimen of Palmer's handwriting, that would do it. I was excited, and impatient, and a wild scheme that came into my mind seemed a very clever and simple one then.

Palmer had finished his conversation, and was resuming his tour of the room. When he came close to me I beckoned.

"A friend of mine," I said, "who was having oysters here a few weeks ago, was telling me about a very wonderful chablis you had. I'm afraid I'm not an authority on wines, but I wonder if you could remember what it was likely to be?"

Palmer's hand went to his chin. "A chablis, you say? Did your friend describe it?"

"He was lyrical about it," I laughed. "But I am ashamed to say I couldn't appreciate his description."

"Possibly it was the Vaudesir '29? A lovely wine."

"That's it," I said quickly. "Vaudesir. I remember the name now. I should like to send him a couple of bottles. I wonder if you could arrange it for me?"

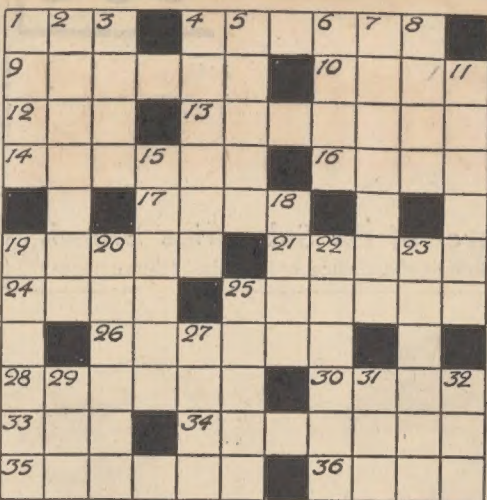
"Why, certainly," he said. "We send a lot of wine away to customers. If you will give me the address."

I pretended to search my pockets, and said, "Would you mind writing it down. I haven't a fountain-pen."

Palmer had taken the back of a menu card and extracted a pen from his pocket, and I gave him Jack Carew's address, for Carew was the only friend I had in England, and though I knew he was away, the wine would wait for him.

That Vaudesir cost me twelve and six a bottle as well as postage,

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Opportune.
- 4 Famous novelist.
- 9 Correctly.
- 10 Region.
- 12 Vase.
- 13 Arrays.
- 14 Short.
- 16 Drinks.
- 17 Number of cattle.
- 19 Unit of weight.
- 21 Boy's name.
- 24 Mineral salt.
- 25 Sire.
- 26 Thigh-bones.
- 28 Compensation.
- 30 Caprice.
- 33 Zero.
- 34 Irish town.
- 35 Severe.
- 36 Gaiter.

CHOP LOAM T  
AURORA NOTE  
TEAK SPIDER  
T NEWS MEAN  
LUG IOTA C  
RECT ALBUM  
B AHEM APE  
DAWN SPAN S  
ENACTS BACH  
MERE AVENUE  
Y PLAY TARS

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Boy's name.
- 2 Coming.
- 3 Colour.
- 4 Cottage.
- 5 Furred animal.
- 6 Fence bar.
- 7 Take steps.
- 8 Profound.
- 11 Declare.
- 15 English.
- 18 Precious.
- 19 Fowls.
- 20 Frill.
- 22 Speaks slowly.
- 23 Quinsy.
- 25 Colloquially trivial.
- 27 Ground grain.
- 29 Worthy.
- 31 Climbing plant.
- 32 Encountered.

but I counted the money well spent for my ruse came off.

"You might just write the name down for me in case I forget it again," I said lightly.

Palmer tore the menu card in two and wrote in a spidery script, "Grand Vin de Chablis 1929."

I HAD it in mind to drive up to Town at once and see Pollard that evening, but I checked the impulse, and I wandered along the sea wall to think things out a bit. I walked on for some distance. Presently I came to a bigish, tarred, wooden building that proved to be a boat-house built out on piles on the seaward side of the wall. Just beyond, a flight of weed-hung steps went down to the water; or the mud as it was then for the tide was low, and a wide stretch of pewter-coloured mud fringed the channel of the creek. Then one of my fits of depression seized me.

What did it matter, I asked myself, if we could prove that Palmer was Yates' messenger and that Yates had ransacked my belongings, or that Mrs. Long had bought a suit-case for him and had tried to get into East-winds last night? We couldn't prove that any of them had murdered my uncle, or had motive for murdering him, or opportunity for that matter. The police would still say that I had done it.

One of the little shore birds rose with a noisy scream of alarm to interrupt my gloomy thoughts, and I could hear the soft thud of foot-steps close by. A fisherman passed me a few moments later, a slouching figure in blue jersey and long thigh boots tramping solidly along the wall. I did not turn my head.

Then I fell to wondering what my uncle had done for an American detective to be after him, and, foolishly, what he would think of my plight and what he would advise.

Once more a nervous little long-beaked bird rose with its plaintive cry of alarm, and it startled me. My head swung

round, and for a fraction of a second I had sight of a blue jersey right behind me. In surprise I called out, what I don't remember, and started to scramble to my feet. Then I knew I was falling, knew that I had been deliberately pushed from the steps. I was sure this was my end. I remember thinking of my uncle and how he too must have been surprised like this when he was murdered. Then a queer thought flashed through my mind. Would they think I had committed suicide? That was the last memory I had until I heard a voice calling my name.

(To be continued)

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the Devil's leavings.

Pope.

## QUIZ for today

1. A paigle is a wild flower, hunting dog, fabulous bird, artist's brush, Scotch pastry?
2. Who wrote (a) The Mayor of Troy, (b) The Mayor of Casterbridge?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Winchester, Chichester, Peterborough, Lichfield, Lewes, Lincoln, Liverpool, Portsmouth.
4. How many Members are there in the House of Commons?
5. What are the three most famous universities in U.S.A.?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Figurine, Fissure, Flisc, Firmament, Flamingo, Flambouyant.
7. What is the largest island in the Mediterranean?
8. What is ozone?
9. What are the five senses?
10. What is the weight of a pint of water?
11. Name five British birds beginning with B, C, D, E and F, respectively.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 393

1. Kind of cloth.
2. (a) Gilbert and Sullivan, (b) Ben Jonson.
3. Foolish is an adjective; others are adverbs.
4. 13.
5. 92.
6. Ireland.
7. Neapolitan, Neigh.
8. Lancashire.
9. 45.
10. Scaffell.
11. Hyde Park.
12. Ape, Bear, Camel, Dog, Elephant.

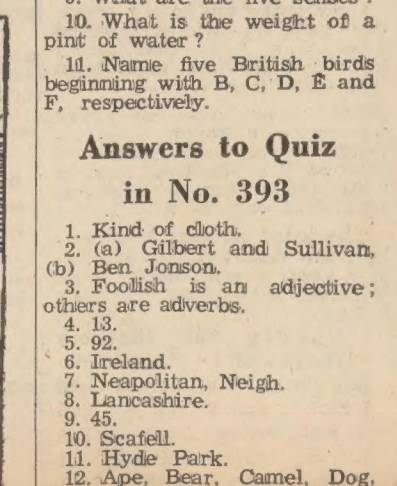
## WANGLING WORDS—336

1. Put own in PREING and make it attractive.
2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Dol dol lous gink loce saw a remry.*
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LUTE into HARP and then back again into LUTE, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden flowers in: On the dais you saw an insane moneylender.

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 335

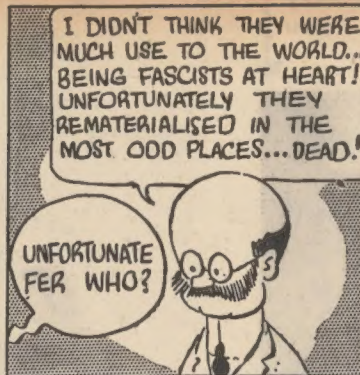
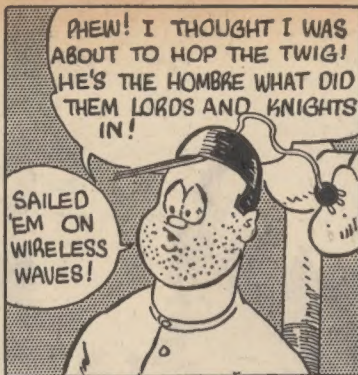
1. CapeR.
2. Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen.
3. BOAT, moat, most, mast, mart, mare, make, LAKE, cake, case, cast, cost, coat, BOAT.
4. Bass, Turb-ot.

## JANE





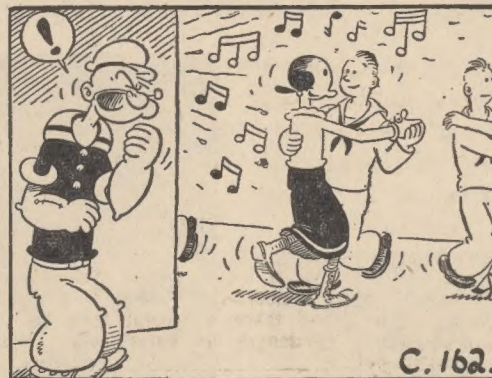
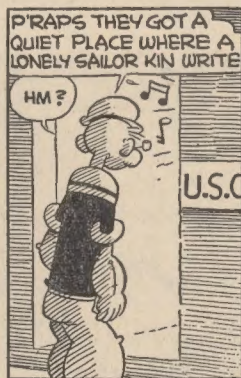
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



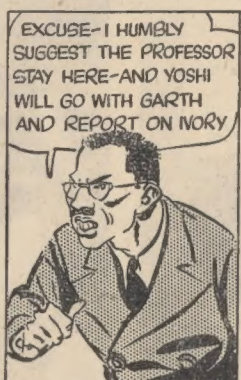
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# How famous Experts are Used in Films

By Dick Gordon

HOLLYWOOD film producers are going to greater pains than ever to assure technical accuracy and authentic detail in motion pictures. Hollywood hates to be criticised for mistakes—goes to great lengths to assure that someone in an audience may not be able to complain, "I was there—and that is NOT the way it was!"

Working on each important production is a man who was there, and who knows just how it was, or who has the special talent called for in a script.



In "Song of Russia," starring Robert Taylor, the adviser to Gregory Ratoff was Serge Bertennson, son of the physician who attended the composer, Tschaikowsky, in his last illness, and familiar with the "Tschaikowsky country" in Russia. Bertennson contributed details to the production which make it startlingly accurate. This screen story also called for a portion of a symphonic concert. Taylor was instructed in the art of conducting the orchestra by Dr. Albert Coates, Russian-English composer-conductor and authority on Russian music.

Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray," strange story of a man who remained youthful while his portrait grew old, is now in production. The portrait shows in detailed ugliness the effects of Dorian Gray's crimes on his painted likeness. To paint four portraits, showing four stages of dissolution, M.-G.-M. checked leading artists to find one who could do a portrait that would be "fascinatingly horrible." One man holds that distinction among modern artists—Ivan Albright, of Illinois, painter of the widely discussed picture of a mortuary door. Albright was signed, and is now at work, assisted by his famous twin, Malvin.



Spencer Tracy, starring in "A Guy Named Joe," ordinarily wears his ties loosely. He likes comfort. But Major E. G. Hillery, as adviser, was on hand to see that, as a flyer, Tracy's tie was properly tied, and also to approve a scene showing soldiers in a New Guinea outpost playing saxophone, clarinet, trumpet and concertina. Major Hillery saw action in New Guinea.

Another expert, Major Sam Harris, was signed by M.-G.-M. to sit in on filming of "Gaslight," the Charles Boyer-Ingrid Bergman starring film. Major Harris lived with Patrick Hamilton while Hamilton was writing the stage play. Moreover, the elderly Major lived in London in 1880, the period in which "Gaslight" is laid. Details from his excellent memory are used in the production—cries of various vendors, settings, manners and customs.



Chinese do not walk as we do. They do not swing their arms. When they stand, they do not dispose their feet as we do. All these racial mannerisms will be evident in "Dragon Seed," film version of the Pearl S. Buck novel, starring Katharine Hepburn. To make certain of such touches, Wei F. Hsueh was engaged by M.-G.-M. He was born twenty miles from Nanking, in the very section covered by the story, and is one of the Chinese types who people the action.

Just having Rita Hayworth dance up and down an idealised stage mountain peak, and in and out of a cloud, was one of Hollywood's most remarkable technical ventures for some time. The whole thing will roll by in about three or four minutes of screen time in Columbia's £500,000 Technicolor "Cover Girl," but required about a week to film and the assistance of enough assorted specialists to stagger the mind.



Here are the statistics of one day of shooting, as compiled by one of Director Charles Vidor's four full-time assistants: Ten-man camera crew, 80 electricians, 20 grips, five prop-men, seven set dressers, 15 special effects men, two painters, four swing gang men, one first-aid man, two carpenters, four dance directors, 12 labourers, six hairdressers, six make-up men. In addition, players consisted of Rita Hayworth and her co-star, Gene Kelly; 16 chorus boys, 25 stand-by musicians and their director, and 262 dress extras as audience.

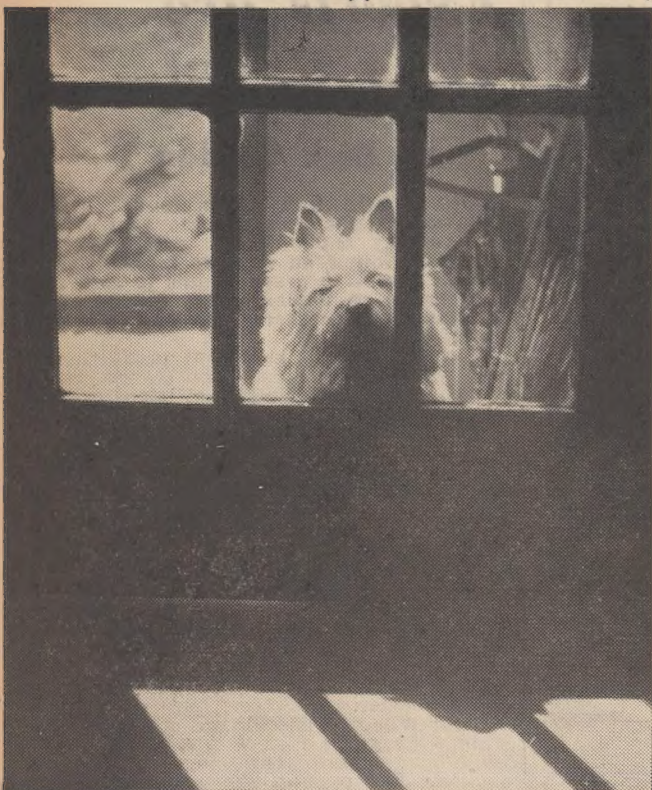
The set itself was a unique pathway somewhat resembling an Alpine toboggan run, an effect which was heightened by the chemical cloud into and out of which Rita danced in the course of her routine. From original designs by Lionel Banks and Cary Odell, art directors, Sam Harwick's studio construction department used two shifts of 25 men each in the erection of a set having no precedent.

The studio's longest 26-foot camera boom was dwarfed by dimensions of the set itself, and Director Vidor used a 150-foot boom track on which to wheel back the heavy implements so that the camera lens might encompass the whole scene.



# Good Morning

"Please let me in. Sunbathing is very dry work, you know."



## This England

L.C.C. Land Girls from Horton, Surrey, returning after a day's work in the fields harrowing.



For pity's sake, where are you putting all that food? Tree Pipit feeding the insatiable appetite of a young cuckoo.



DIANA LEWIS  
Metro Goldwyn Mayer star finds times for a swim between scenes on location.



Five-year-old Margaret O'Brien finds animal feeding a break after a day's work in M.G.M. studio.

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"O.K. sister, Ise a comin."

